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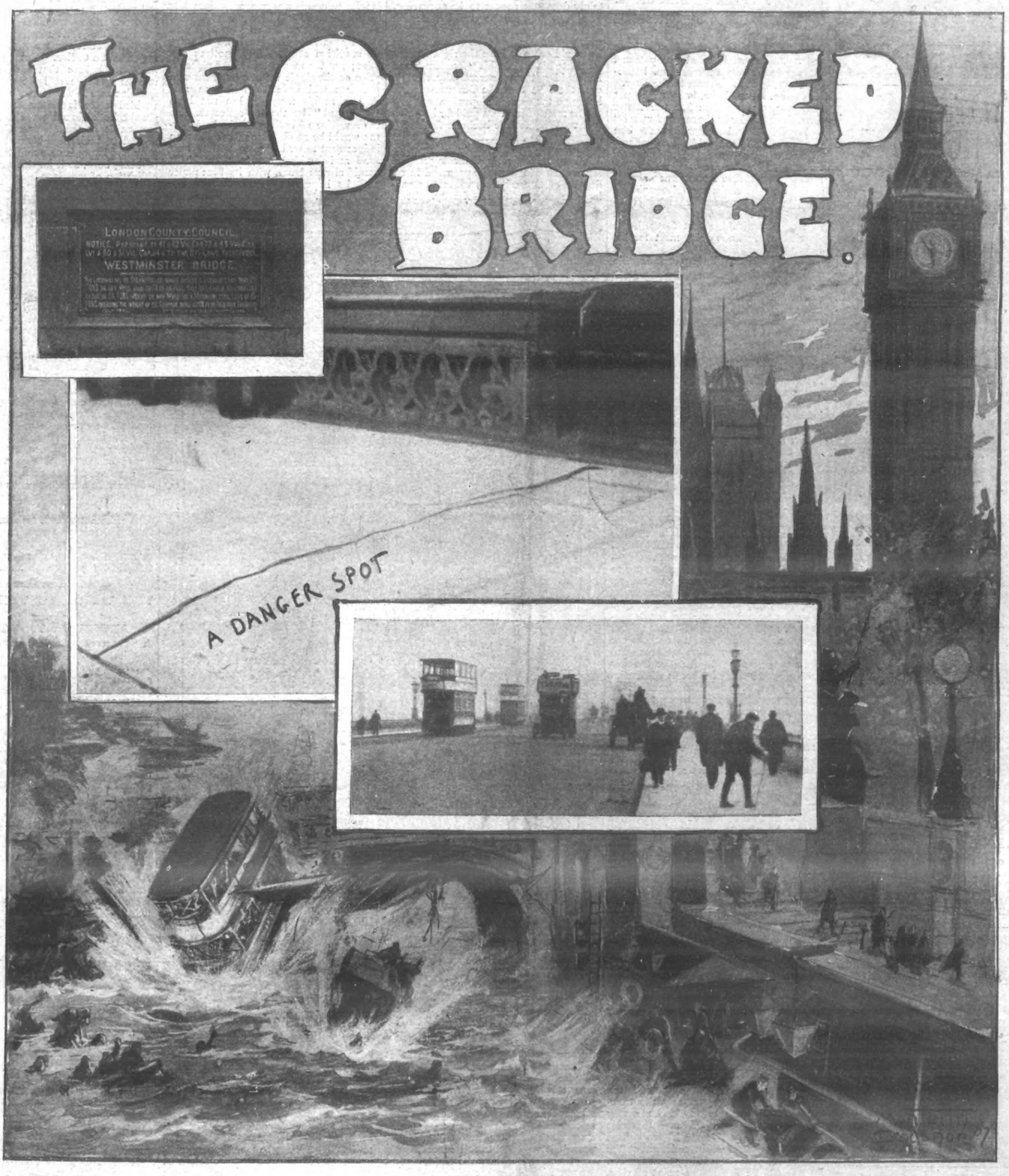
THE CRACKED BRIDGE.



IS A CALAMITY LIKE THIS POSSIBLE?

Large cracks have appeared in Westminster Bridge, and experts are differing widely as to their significance. It is a matter of the utmost importance that the bridge should be proved absolutely safe, for many thousands of people use it daily. When the bridge was built the engineers could not foresee the future growth and weight of the traffic to cross it. Note the notice regarding tonnage in the corner.

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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Shall Bachelors be Taxed?

FOR.

THERE is nothing vindictive behind the suggestion that a price should be put on the head of bachelors. The proposition does not emanate particularly from the married men of this country, or from the unmarried women. Men with families do not envy men without families to a degree that prompts them to petty retaliation; and spinsters (protesting; we use the official term) are not so forlorn as to need a "paternal Government" to put pressure on bachelors in order to drive them to the altar.

No one, let us hope, is going to put the question: "Which has the better time, the bachelor or the married man?" and reply, "The bachelor, so make him pay for it." That would be ungallant, reprehensible, untrue; yet it indirectly touches the vital issue of the question. Putting on one side the sentimental consideration of matrimony (although we must find that a heroic effort), and regarding it imperially, we are brought face to face with the fact that it is the married man who is doing most for his country.

In the first place, he is married. To what extent this is going to benefit the country it is difficult to gauge, but we must all admit that the possibilities of this event are almost illimitable. He may become the father of such greatness that the whole world is benefited; he may give a genius to any one of the arts, a soldier or a sailor to the salvation of his country in time of war; at the least he may contribute a useful citizen to the community.

As a married man he will become a householder; a "consumer" of this and that to the dimensions of his family; a tax-payer, a rate-payer to King and parish, and, unofficially, he will be taxed in a number of directions which only the family man fully appreciates. From the day when he becomes a Benedick his country insists on regarding him as a substantial and responsible person; that tremendously British thing has happened — he has "settled down." He is one of the pegs firmly driven into our social system. Granting—which we will not grant—that he has any desire to flee his duty to his country, he is powerless to escape. For a time, by the light of the moon, he may vanish, and shift what has become a burden from his shoulders, but his reappearance is almost as inevitable as that of the moon herself, and then there are consequences plus taxes unknown to the average bachelor. And for the few who are not submissive heads of households there are thousands, millions of willing married men who are, to all intents and purposes, taxed because they are wedded.

Why should the bachelor escape? It is all very well to contend that he, too, is a tax-payer and a responsible citizen, but how many bachelors are there who have not become systematic shirkers; who lead an elusive life, and have never, to the best of their knowledge, even seen a tax-collector? The bachelor may, if he pleases, assume the importance of a householder; he may pay his quota towards the maintenance of the country; but can it be demonstrated, in such a manner as to bring conviction, that the general run of unmarried men are not irresponsible slacksters where anything but their personal comfort and amusement is concerned?

At the present time everything possible is done to relieve the bachelor of his obligations as a good citizen. There are dozens of tempting inducements to lead the selfish life held out to him in all quarters, and he does not have to pay a penny more than he wants to for his self-centred system of existence.

If he ever thinks about the matter at all, it is to quietly laugh over the yoke that the married man has cheerfully accepted. He never dreams that he should be taxed because he is single, just as his friend is virtually taxed in the married state. Undoubtedly the taxation of the bachelor would be a very wholesome measure for him. It is also a reasonable and logical proposition under conditions which tell against the married and are avoided by the bachelor.

Then there is another point of view. The marriage rate is declining in this country in a manner which causes uneasiness for its future strength. Marriage, it is said, is "going out of fashion"; men prefer single-blessedness, and to spend their incomes on Self. What is enough for one is insufficient for two—let alone its multiplication—and so on, plausibly, from the shirker's point of view. If once a tax was levied on all eligible male subjects, however, they might suddenly arrive at a sense of their proper duties as patriots. If they could no longer gad through life without paying toll, marriage would at last become worth their consideration, which it certainly does not appear to be at present. The branded bachelor would lose much of that sense of superior cunning with which he now regards the married man; he would cease to have the right to congratulate himself on his "freedom," and he could not very successfully chuckle over the idea that the Government was levying a tax on his independent spirit.

The married man has paid for his privileges. Why not the bachelor for his?

AGAINST.

We have a sufficiently disturbing subject for contemplation in the proposed introduction of Conscription, without extending the scheme to matrimony. It is this, and nothing less preposterous, that is in the minds of those who are in favour of placing a tax on bachelors. They have attempted, without any success in hiding the ulterior motive, to show that the real reason why unmarried men should be taxed is that they may assume some part of the "burden" which at present is supposed to fall more heavily on the married than the single. But we must be altogether without discernment if we fail to recognise that the true meaning of this tax movement is to harass the bachelor until he marries in desperation.

Could anything, conceivably, be more calculated to defeat the object that the tax party have determined on? How does matrimony look when we place it in the light of a loophole from taxation? The man who cannot afford to pay for a dog-licence sells his dog, or loses it; the man who cannot afford to licence himself to remain single will rush out to find a wife!

These are not times in which we have sentiment and to spare. Marriage, as it is, is too often a mercenary affair; but love still steps in where avarice cannot tread. Among those who have little to gain by marriage but the bond of love, no suspicion of pecuniary motives can arise; but the moment the law places a price on the single state, every man who proposes will have to make an affidavit that his marriage has not been "arranged" by the tax-collector. To the sensitive of both sexes the bachelor-tax would be an obstacle rather than an inducement to wed, for, no matter how fond and foolish a couple might be, it would always loom, with its blue paper and its imperious "demand," in the background. Even the light-hearted bridegroom would not bring off successfully the little humorous sally of presenting his bride with his last tax-receipt in a frame of true-lover's knots. In after years the irony of it might become too awful.

Nor must we overlook the fact that in representing bachelorhood as a condition which must be taxed, attention is being officially drawn to its attractions. If it is worth paying for, it must be worth well considering, and bachelors throughout the kingdom, who have hitherto regarded it as an accident, a misfortune, or have accepted it without any weighing of its *pros* and *cons* whatsoever, would begin to carefully weigh this luxury on which the Government had set a tax. And they would not be very long in arriving at the conclusion that bachelorhood is cheap at the figure the country had fixed it at. They would balance the cost of the tax against one hat of a possible wife, and they would conclude that millinery-bills are more recurrent than demand-notes. There would surely arise among another class of single men the heroic band, determined to become woman-haters rather than be forced into matrimony; and they would become an anti-marriage party, far stronger and more consolidated than any that exists at present. And there would also be passive resisters—both ways—refusing to pay an absurd and unjust tax, and determined to remain single and cheat an imposition.

No matter which way we regard the bachelor-tax, we see in it a measure which makes the matrimonial prospect darker instead of brighter. Matrimonial conscription must be distasteful to every right-minded man and woman in the country. Men must be left to judge for themselves whether marriage would be for better or for worse in the life they are called on to live. Women must continue to believe that men marry for reasons that are still treasured in the feminine heart. Those who insist that the wedded state is so necessary that it should be enforced on all, are as unreasonable as the Roman Censors who argued in their high-handed way that, as nature imposes on a man the necessity of being born, so it imposes on him the obligation of marriage!

If we suppose a state of affairs in which bachelors played no part, except to precipitate themselves into matrimony in order to evade the bachelor tax, we must admit that the unmarried have no social value and play no useful part in supporting the prosperity of the country. And how far from the truth this is none know so well as the married men, who are in duty bound obliged to consider with caution every penny they spend in recreation. Except among the wealthy, it is the bachelor men who contribute most to the maintenance of the safety of the nation; and, thereby, to the circulation of money in all directions. The first thing that the average man does after he marries is to consider how he can best cut down the expenses of life outside the provision of what are its necessities and small comforts. It is his duty to become economic. He relinquishes sports, clubs, theatres, restaurants; or, at most, they become the after considerations of his new responsibilities. In a hundred ways the married man stays his hand when he would have dipped it deep into his pocket in the days of bachelorhood. If the bachelor is taxed he, too, may turn economist; he may even become that horrible individual—a hoarder, a miser, a hermit. But will he be revenged, and marry?

WILL IT COME TO THIS?

THE WORK OF THE GALE

ADRIFT IN THE TYNE.

A NEW steamer, recently launched from Messrs. Swan and Hunter's yard, Wallsend-on-Tyne, broke from her mooring during the height of the gale. She was blown across the harbour, and collided with the schooners *Argo* and *Clyde*, doing extensive damage. A gang of men put off to render assistance to the watchman, who was the only occupant on board, but they could not get on the ship. The vessel was eventually surrounded by a flotilla of tugs, and was secured after an exciting passage.

KILLED ON LAND.

Two miners, Thomas Wilson and James Fulton, belonging to Crosshouse, while crossing the railway line about three miles from Kilmarnock, were caught by an express and instantly killed. A violent storm was raging at the time, and it is thought that this prevented them from hearing the approach of the tram.

IN THE CHANNEL.

The Ostend mail-packet *Marie Henriette*, with mails, was over an hour late in arriving at Dover on Monday afternoon, having broken a small steam-pipe.

The steamer *Waltham*, laden with coal, anchored in the Admiralty Harbour, with damage to her bows. She reported having been in collision at two o'clock in the morning, during the fog, with an unknown steamer at the back of the Goodwin Sands.

A MYSTERY OF THE STORM.

The Preston police are investigating the mysterious disappearance of a twelve-year-old boy named John Barton. The lad was playing near the old tram bridge with a child, and the latter returned home with the story that his companion had been blown into the River Ribble.

NOTICE.—*In future all Editorial Communications for "P. J. P." must be addressed to: 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

TWO LINERS WRECKED IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

THE WRECK OF THE LINER "SUEVIC."

AT this period of the year fog is always a great danger to shipping, and long is the list of disasters attributable to this cause. The wreck of the White Star liner *Suevic* adds one more name to the list, and it is little short of miraculous that we have not got to publish a long list of drowned and injured. This is still more remarkable when it is remembered that the crew of the steamer numbered nearly two hundred, while there were three hundred and eighty passengers aboard.

Up Channel in the Fog.

It was at nightfall that the *Suevic*, so near home, ran into a dense wall of fog. Speed was at once reduced, and the vessel crept on cautiously, most of the passengers below for the night. It was half-past ten when a speck of light was sighted through the darkness, and almost immediately the *Suevic* struck on the rocks. There was no need to ask what had happened—in the fog the great ship had run on to the terrible Stag Rocks, which lie off the Lizard.

Up on to the decks rushed the alarmed passengers, many of them in their night attire, yet there was really no approach to a panic. Excitement there was in plenty, and this was not lessened by the booming of cannon and the firing of rockets.

Prompt Action Saves Many Lives.

The disaster came as suddenly as most calamities, but the splendid courage of the officers and crew did much to allay the general alarm. Captain Jones at once gave orders to serve the passengers, most of whom were assembled in the library, with life-belts, and every effort was made to reassure the women and children. In the meantime, successful efforts were made to launch the life-boats, though this was only accomplished with great difficulty and danger. Into these the women and children were lowered first, but the task was a difficult one. A rope-ladder was hung over the side of the doomed *Suevic*, and down this the sailors helped the women, carrying their children for them.

Help from the Shore.

Very shortly the first life-boat came out from the shore, to be greeted by loud cheering. Messages dispatched to Plymouth for tug assistance were speedily answered, and the tugs steamed at full speed to the scene, but could not get near the stranded liner. The work of rescue took eight hours before the last person was fetched off, and then 170 were placed on board the tug *Triton* and brought to Falmouth. No desire was displayed on the part of the men on board to be rescued before the women and little ones, and all the ladies were loud in their appreciation of the manner in which the men behaved. But the chief praise was bestowed on the life-boat crews, who worked like heroes as they conveyed their human freights ashore.

Descriptions by Passengers.

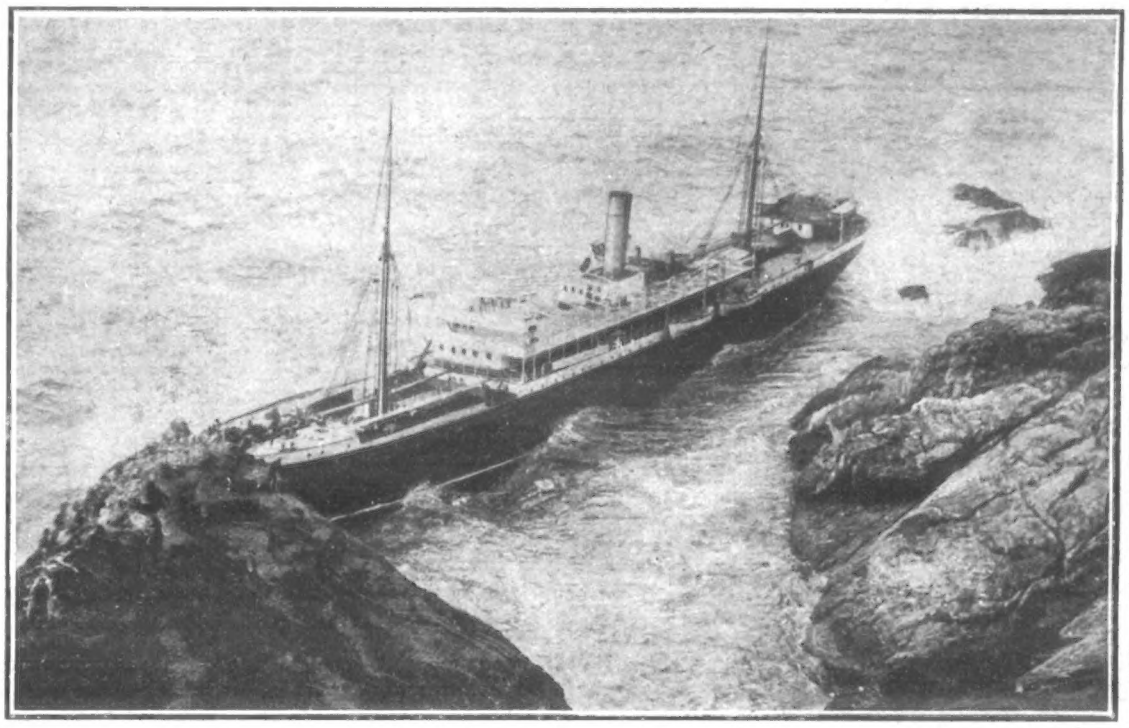
The Rev. E. A. Edgar, a Methodist minister of Melbourne, stated that the ship went ashore at 10.30 p.m., directly in front of the Lizard and lighthouse, about two hundred yards away, the light being just visible. The *Suevic's* bow was firmly fixed on the rocks, and he believed that two of the fore compartments were full of water, but aft she was afloat. The seas were heavy at the time, but not such as to cause any anxiety for the temporary safety of the liner.

A Lady's Story.

"There was no excitement or confusion, and we naturally stayed awake all the night. Rockets and blue lights were shown as soon as the vessel struck. The men behaved splendidly, and handed us blankets through the port-holes. The passengers have nothing but what they stand up in, and we are entirely without funds."

The One Safe Spot.

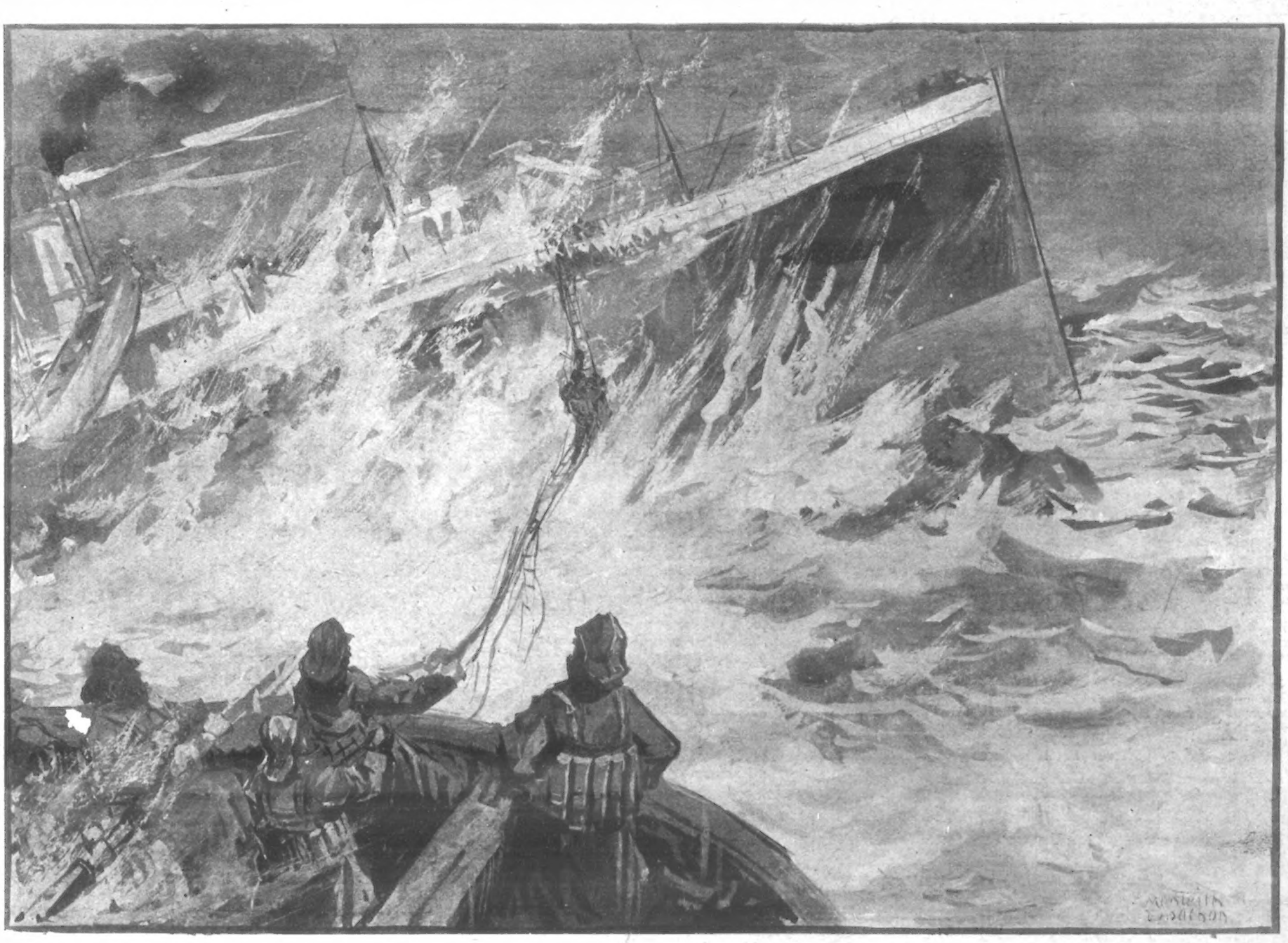
The captain of a lifeboat stated that the spot where the *Suevic* went ashore was the only place where any boat could possibly have lived, and that had the vessel gone on another part of the rock, nothing could have saved the passengers and crew aboard.



THE S.S. "JEBBA" ASHORE AT BOLT TAIL, NEAR HOPE COVE, ON THE DEVON COAST.

There were 160 passengers and crew on board, all of whom were safely landed.

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. Lockyer's large Bottles everywhere.—[Advt.]



THE WHITE STAR LINER "SUEVIC" ON THE STAG ROCKS OFF THE LIZARD.

The daring rescue of the women and children, of whom there were a large number on board, from the doomed vessel.

MISS DESPERADO

BY HENRY T. JOHNSON

CHAPTER IV.

WHY undeceive them? It would be no sin against Diana—Diana who, in her blithe way, had so often declared that when she died she would leave all she possessed to her dear Marah.

Fate had been so unkind to her. The world, excepting always and alone her dear, dead Diana, had been so hard with her, had flouted her, bruised her heart with its roots of scorn. Why not hit back? Why not strike a blow for fortune and revenge herself upon Fate and the world?

She had reached the sitting-room just as, by another door, the genial old lawyer entered. He held out his hand. "Miss Jerningham, let me congratulate you on your escape, let me welcome you to England."

Was it the Evil One whispering in her heart? "Take the gifts that Fortune flings you. Give the cruel world back blow for blow. Vive la guerre!"

Swiftly from heart to brain surged up a sudden flood of mutiny against her tyrant fate. In the fierce desperation of despair was forged the steel resolve of her rebellion. She would give blow for blow.

"I thank you, Sir," she answered, and took his outstretched hand.

* * * *

Nurse Sylvain remained at Jerningham Manor, notwithstanding that the patient for whom she had been summoned had passed beyond all human aid.

Matthew Jerningham's sudden death (leaving his will unmade) absolutely prostrated Mrs. Jerningham, who lay for days and nights bewailing—not the loss of her husband—that bereavement she seemed able to bear with fortitude, but his criminal procrastination in not by a stroke of the pen securing her succession to the Jerningham estates.

High fever set in, and in delirium she reviled him, named him liar and swindler, and the Grey Nurse with the set marble face and the deep-set eyes gleaming with slumbrous fires, sat through the silent watches of the night hearing the dead man's wedded wife clamouring the wrong that he had wrought her, and Nurse Sylvain's lips set in a yet harder line.

Meanwhile Matthew Jerningham was gathered unto his fathers within the moss-covered rusty-railed vault, under the shadow of the ivy-mantled village church. Besides his doctor and lawyer a group of tenants, labourers and servants gathered within the churchyard's low wall of stone boulders, but not one member of the dead man's kith or kin.

In her sick-room, Mrs. Jerningham querulously declared that it was merely another instance of the callousness of people that Nurse Sylvain should have chosen that occasion to take that spell of fresh air and exercise the doctor had till then in vain insisted on.

A strange use, too, for her to make of that brief respite from her sick-room duties, merely to crouch in the shadow of the quaint old lych-gate, her hands clasped tensely, her head bowed, her lips moving in silent agitation, while, intensifying rather than destroying the silence of that God's acre, floated the drowsy intonation: "He fleeth as it were a shadow. . . . Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts . . . suffer us not at our last hour for any pain of death to fall from Thee."

That brief spell of fever over, Mrs. Jerningham sent for Stephen Jerrold and implored him—was it indeed too late? Could nothing be done to right her wrong and repair her late husband's sin of omission?

The keen, ascetic-looking young lawyer shook his head. "Your husband died intestate. By the statute you take one half his personal estates, plus £500; the rest goes to his next of kin."

"It is a shame!" she cried. "He leaves next to no personalty: he spent his income as it came. All he had to leave was the estate; and the heirs, his kith and kin, were strangers to him in all save blood."

"Remember," he said gently, "you retain the funds settled on your marriage. Those are considerable."

"But the estates," she cried. "Had I dreamed of his succeeding to them I would have made him exercise his power of appointment by our marriage settlement; but I never dreamed of it, and now he has gone, the power unexercised, and the estates go to a girl he has never seen. If you had only supported my insistence!"

"Mrs. Jerningham," said Jerrold, quietly but emphatically, "let me say this once for all. It is my belief it was your husband's firm intention not to settle the Jerningham estates upon you."

"But why?"

"That I do not profess to know; it is no affair of mine. It is a lawyer's duty to carry out as far as may be his clients' wishes, not to influence them, and from his manner and his remarks when the matter was mooted I am convinced he never meant to leave these family estates to you."

"Then it is a sin and a shame," she cried. The lawyer shrugged his shoulders; a shade of scorn flitted across his clean-shaven, hard, but not unhandsome face.

"Whatever his sins he will answer for them to this world no more," he said. "And this brings me to the object of my call. Cleethorpe and Baynes, of Lincoln's Inn, the solicitors to Miss Diana Jeringham, the tenant in tail, write me that arrangements have been made for her immediate return to England."

"To turn me out of house and home!" exclaimed Mrs. Jerningham bitterly, between her set teeth. "Nurse, my medicine. What can I expect from a Jerningham! But the girl might be decent, even in her greedy haste."

"You are a trifle precipitate," said Jerrold coldly. "Cleethorpe writes to say that their instructions are to meet your convenience as far as possible."

"How considerate!" replied Mrs. Jerningham, her thin lips wreathing and her pale blue eyes hardening in a sneer. "And when is it suggested that this girl comes in and I go out?"

"It is proposed that Miss Jerningham should take up her abode here on Thursday next."

"On Thursday?" The widow sprang from her couch in a white heat of wrath. "Good heavens! You talk of their courtesy, their consideration, and—and the hussy contemplates turning me out—out of the house where I have ruled as mistress — my husband's house — with barely a week's notice. Why, a labourer in a cottage would expect—well—anyway, as much." For her conscience reminded her that since her reign the Jerningham cottagers had learned not to expect too much.

"It is not quite so bad as that," said the lawyer. "Cleethorpe writes me that it is Miss Jerningham's desire that you shall study your own convenience in fixing the date of your departure, and personally she would like it to be deferred until some time after she has taken up residence here."

But the angry woman was not to be appeased. "I suppose," she said in a cold, harsh voice, "she wants to be certain that I leave the heirlooms as I found them." But she paused, and in a thoughtful tone said presently—"Perhaps it will be as well if I fall in with the suggestion. One never knows what may happen. Let me see, up till now the girl 's been at a convent school?"

"Yes, since her parents died, ten years ago."

"In Belgium, isn't it?" Nurse Sylvain, measuring her patient's draught, looked up with a sudden interest.

"Yes, at the school of the Religieuses Ursulines at Louvain."

The lawyer, watching how the white hands trembled, decided that Nurse Sylvain's latest patient had got on her nerves, steady as they were, nor was he surprised.

"Who 's bringing her over?" Mrs. Jerningham asked; and he replied, referring to Cleethorpe's letter, "Miss Jerningham is returning in company with a school-companion, whose term has also just ended—a Miss Marah Delahay."

"How careless of you!" cried Mrs. Jerningham wrathfully, for Nurse Sylvain had let fall the glass minim-measure with a crash on to the fender

The offender humbly knelt and with a whisk-broom gathered up the shivered fragments of the minim-glass, her pale cheek flushing and her hand trembling strangely for one ordinarily so calm and unemotional.

"They were leaving Antwerp last nig'it," the lawyer went on, "They will have landed at about seven this morning, at Harwich, where Cleethorpe is going to meet Miss Jerningham, and by this time they will be in London. She will stay in town with Mrs. Cleethorpe for some days."

"Then is she bringing the other girl here?"

"Oh, no. Apparently her schoolfellow is less fortunately placed in the world. I understand this Miss Delahay is leaving the convent to enter a West End house of business—— Hallo! that looks like my trap. It is, and it 's one of my clerks. Wonder what 's up?"

He had scarcely finished speaking when a manservant entered and said—

"Gentleman to see Mr. Jerrold; important."

"Banks! what 's the matter?" And the clerk, advancing, handed him a telegram.

"I opened this, Sir, as you were away, and I thought it best to bring it on direct,"

The lawyer, knitting his brows, perused the pink flimsy; then exclaimed: "Good Heavens! Listen to this, Mrs. Jerningham!" And he read—

To Jerrold, Bayminster.

Terrible catastrophe. Steamer run down in North Sea and sunk.

"With all on board?" exclaimed Mrs. Jerningham, springing from her couch to her feet.

"No!" replied Jerrold, almost sternly, for he was contrasting her tone—not of dread, nor of dismay, nor of pity—with the wailing cry of the other woman, who stood, her eyes dilated, clutching at her heart as though turned to stone. "No, thank Heaven! it is not quite so bad as that, though in all conscience it is bad enough. Listen!" And he read on—

Miss Jerningham saved, and at hotel, Harwich. Recovering rapidly; but her companion, Miss Marah Delahay, unhappily, drowned.

"If it had only been the other," whispered Matthew Jerningham's widow; but the lawyer took no heed, even if he heard the words. He was on his knees beside Nurse Sylvain, who had crashed down heavily in a swoon.

And, as he raised her in his arms, he said, pityingly: "Just as I fancied. Quite run down and over-wrought."

CHAPTER V.

The stately halls and galleries, hung with trophies of chase and war, the time-mellowed portraits by great masters, the dusty flags with the gaping wounds that were their glory, the glorious expanse of park-land and timber beyond the blazoned windows—these things stirred the pulse of the young adventuress and nerved her to her ordeal.

That had been Diana's. Could Diana, whose only friend she was, have willed who should take the boons she was so swiftly called on to relinquish, she would have named Marah. Besides, there was the exultation of wresting so much from a world that had denied her—all.

She paced the shiny parquet floors with the step of a conqueror viewing the spoils of war. Matthew Jerningham's widow, who, with Cleethorpe, Stephen Jerrold, and Eli Hacker, the steward and estate agent, attended her, realised that her reign indeed was over.

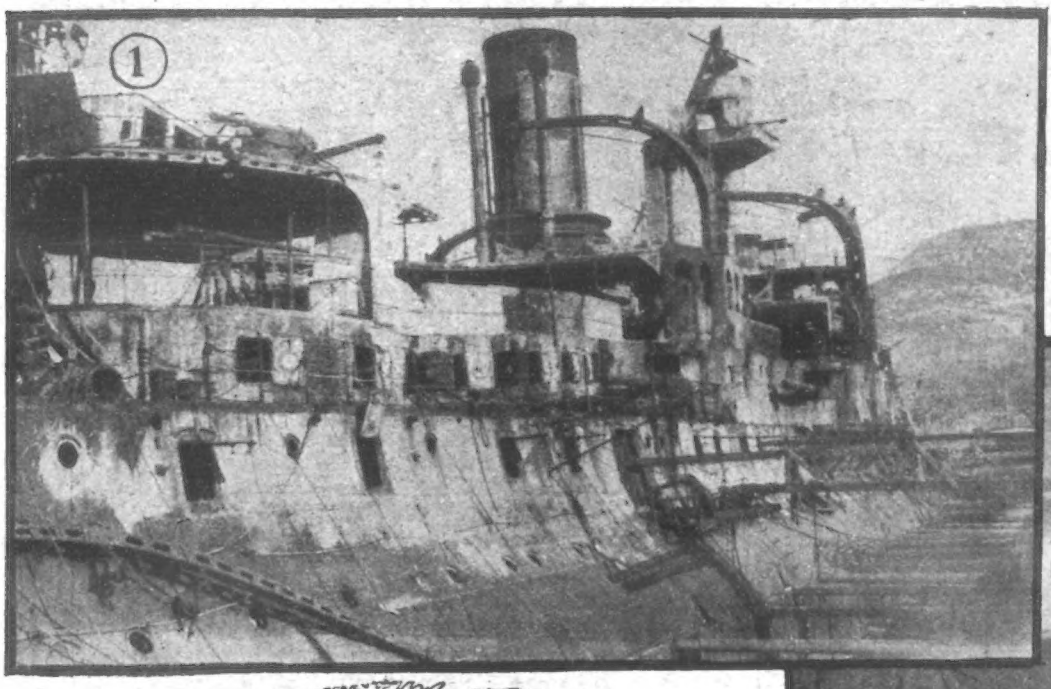
Many a time and oft, sprawling in the sunshiny convent orchard or whispering in their dormitory, Diana had told her of the glories of the great house of which she was a poor girl cadet—their achievements, their possessions, not least of the latter the stately Manor House that was their country seat. So they found the new lady of the manor wonderfully well posted.

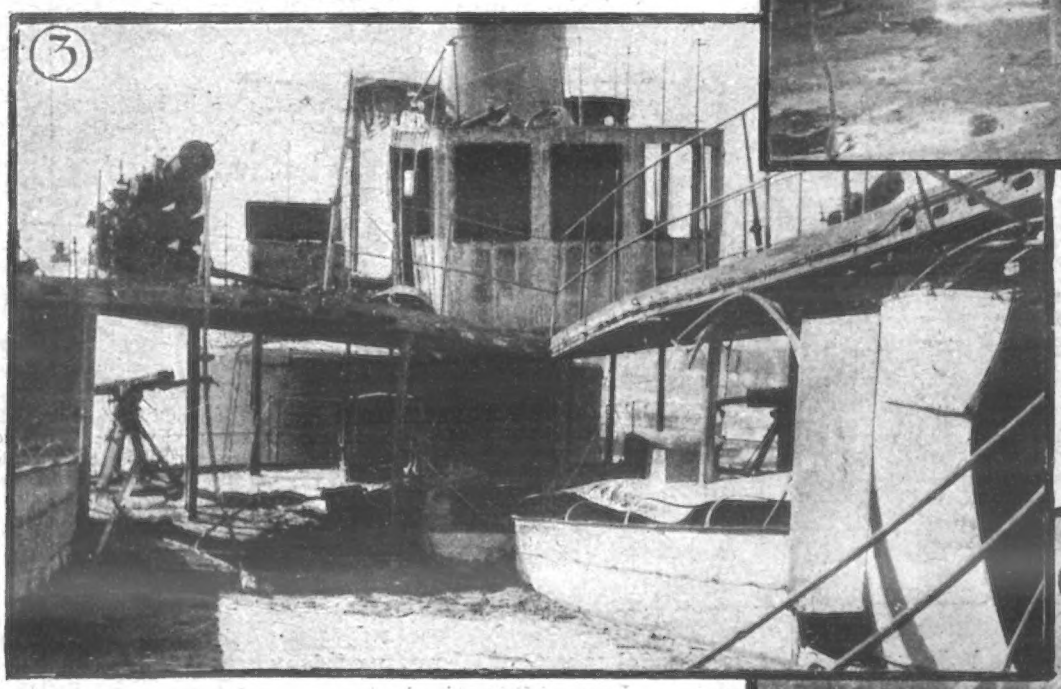
The big bay-mullioned window facing south was where Dame Alison had stood fluttering her kerchief while my Lord of Greychester took the air that summer night, and it was in the gallery beyond, close to the suit of mail, that Piers Jerningham met and defeated a too adventurous guest.

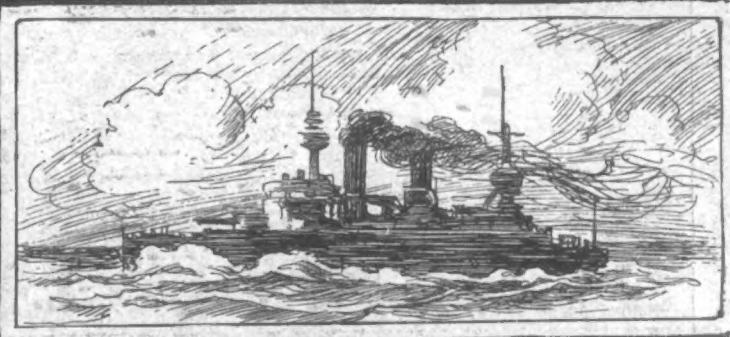
(*To be continued.*)

"Sank! With all on board?" exclaimed Mrs. Jerningham, springing from the couch to her feet.

THE "JENA" DISASTER.





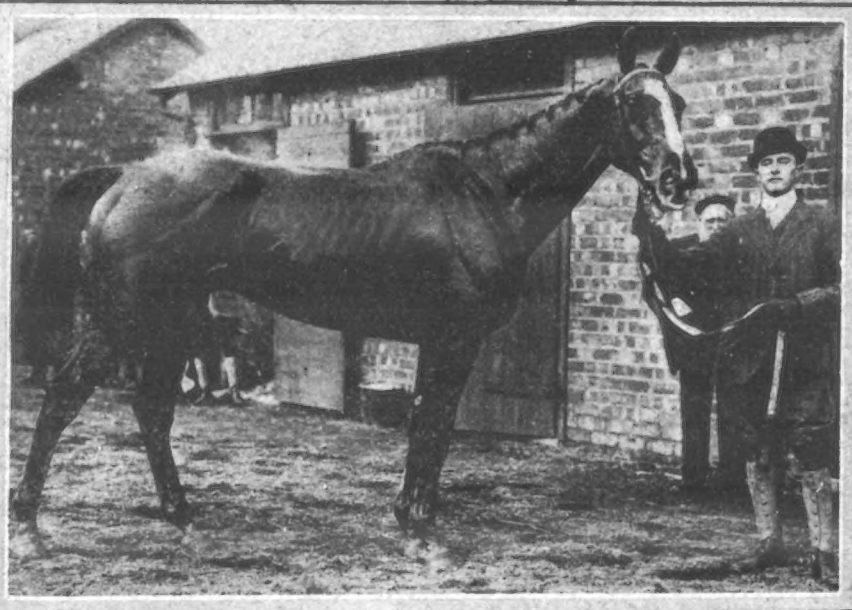


1. GENERAL VIEW of "JENA" AFTER EXPLOSION.
2. OFFICER'S QUARTERS on "JENA".
3. VIEW of SHATTERED BRIDGE.
4. BROKEN STERN and PROPELLOR.
5. THE FUNERAL of THE VICTIMS.

H. LANE '07

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TERRIBLE EXPLOSION THAT COST FRANCE 118 LIVES.

INCIDENTS IN THE GRAND NATIONAL



1. The Parade past the Grand Stand. 2. A Good Jump. 3. Ascetic Silver, the Winner of last year's Grand National. 4. The Return of a Riderless Horse. Our last photograph shows Valentine's Brook, which is the scene of many falls.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

SCOTLAND hold a proud position in the Rugby football world to-day, for besides regaining the holdership of the coveted Calcutta Cup, they have passed through the season without a defeat. In their latest encounter with England at Blackheath last Saturday, the wearers of the Thistle are considered by many good judges to have been a trifle lucky to win, but then there is an element of chance in every game, and it is bound to come to each side in the course of a series of contests, and equalises itself in the long run.

England's team had met with universal approval from the critics. There were those stalwart Western forwards to lead the way, men of Devon, full of pluck and resolution, honest scrummagers all, and up to every trick of the game. The others from the North and Midlands were of equal renown, and those behind them carried the confidence of their countrymen. Scotland won by 8 points to 3, and they had to largely thank the superiority of their half-backs for their success, "Pat" Munro and E. D. Simson being much too good for Peters and Start.

On the same day the Association teams of Scotland and Ireland met at Glasgow, and the former were rewarded with another victory, obtaining three goals by good football without a response from the representatives of the Emerald Isle. Without question the Scots were the better side, and fully deserved their win.

The great feature of last Saturday's League matches was the splendid victory of Woolwich Arsenal over Manchester United at Plumstead. The winners have managed to reach the semi-final in the Cup-ties, but their League form has not been very encouraging for some weeks past. Those who saw their play against Preston North End or Sheffield United would have scarcely believed it to be the same side, but they were well worth the four clear goals by which they won.

Newcastle United gained a notable triumph over Aston Villa at St. James's Park, for the latter have been going very strongly lately. However, the League leaders proved too good for their visitors, and beat them by three goals to two. Everton had Stoke for opponents at Goodison Park, but the game was scarcely an exhilarating one, the Pottery men being completely outplayed and beaten by three goals to nil. Preston North End and Liverpool met at Deepdale, and the former secured the points by three goals to one, a result thoroughly in keeping with the play.

Notts County were represented by a weak team in their encounter with Manchester City at Hyde Road, and paid the penalty; but they made a plucky fight, and were only just beaten by two goals to one. Middlesbrough, who have had a wonderful run of successes lately, entertained Bristol City, and won by one goal to nil. Sheffield Wednesday had Bolton Wanderers for opponents, and emerged from the contest with a two to nil victory. Derby County, playing at home, could only draw with Sunderland, each side scoring once; but Birmingham beat Blackburn Rovers by two goals to nil, and Bury overcame Sheffield United by two to one.

In the Second Division Chelsea obtained only one point at Burnley, where the Lancashire club ran them to a draw, each side scoring once. This, however, does not jeopardise their chances of promotion, for they still possess a substantial lead over their nearest rivals, Nottingham Forest, Leicester Fosse, and Bradford City. Clapton Orient accomplished a capital performance at Grimsby, where they beat the locals by two goals to one.

Fulham retained the lead in the Southern League with a two to one victory over Reading—not a great win considering the positions of the clubs, but quite good enough for the purpose. Portsmouth could only draw with Swindon, neither side scoring; but Brentford made amends for their Cup-tie defeat by

ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND.

The English players accomplishing some good foot-work.

the Crystal Palace by winning at Sydenham by three goals to none.

A goalless draw was the result of the meeting of Queen's Park Rangers and Watford, and nothing was scored in the match between West Ham and Plymouth Argyle. Norwich City and Leyton each scored once, while Bristol Rovers outplayed Northampton, and put on six goals against one. Brighton's win over Southampton by one goal to nil was a good one, but all their satisfaction vanished on the Monday, when Millwall beat them by four goals to one. Of the other matches last Saturday, Tottenham Hotspur were too good for New Brompton, and scored two goals without a response, and Luton and Millwall drew at one goal each.

On Monday I saw one of the most extraordinary of International games. Wales, with a team weakened by the defection of Charles Morris and Horace Blew from full-back, made a gallant fight with England at Craven Cottage, Fulham, and succeeded in drawing at one goal each after having the better of the first half against the wind, and then being absolutely overplayed in the second half. England got the ball through three minutes from the start, Bloomer shouldering it past Roose, but the referee ruled that he had handled and no goal was allowed.

Whether this decision put the English forwards off their game is not certain, but one thing is undeniable, and that is that Wall, Stewart, and Thornley were a long way below international form on the day's play. Wales scored the only goal of the first half twenty-four minutes after the start. W. Meredith, who played grandly prior to the interval, sending in a fine centre, following which Lot Jones scored. The equalising goal came seventeen minutes from the interval, Stewart then beating Roose with a terrific drive. That England should have won admits of no doubt, but Wales deserve all credit for their pluck, and they seem likely to win the Association Championship for the first time, as England need to score a pronounced victory over Scotland to rob the "Taffies" of premier position.

ROWING.

Much regret was expressed on all hands when the University Boat-Race was brought forward, and so clashed with the International Rugby match at Blackheath. But, judging by the enormous crowds on the banks of the Thames last Saturday afternoon, the clashing made small difference to the attendance at the chief "battle of the Blues." Cambridge won, as nearly everybody who had seen the practice anticipated—in fact, the contest was more of a procession than a race. During the first few minutes Oxford held their own; thereafter it was Cambridge first and the Dark Blues nowhere. The winners passed Hammersmith Bridge in 7 min. 15 sec., and thoughts of record going by the board were entertained up to that historic mark. But the rough water that had to be encountered afterwards put an end to this idea; and, though Cambridge won comfortably by 4½ lengths, they occupied 20 min. 26 sec. for the full course, which time is 1 min. 39 sec. outside the record. Stuart is a great stroke, and he handled his boat beautifully last Saturday.

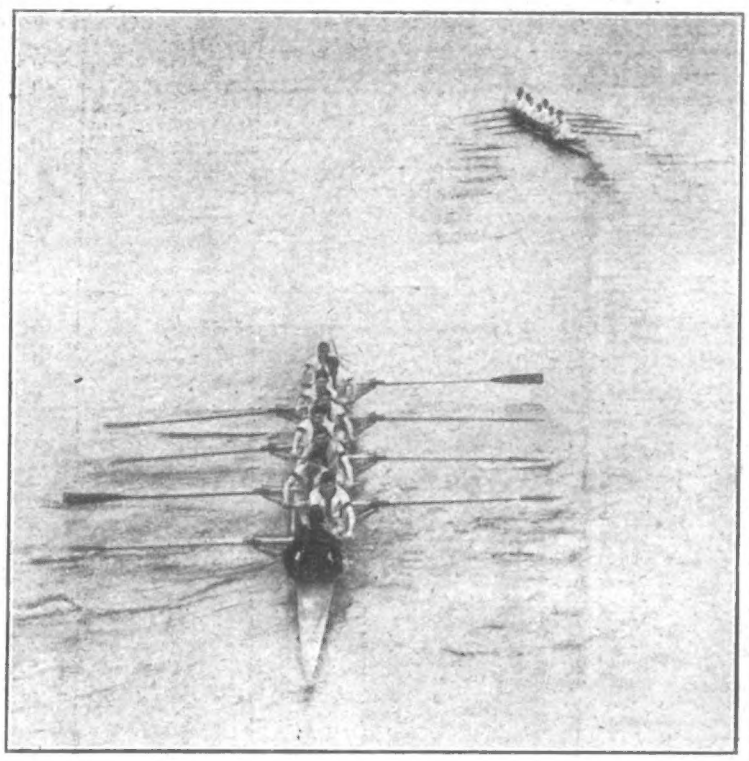
BILLIARDS.

It has been settled that, for the present at any rate, no action shall be taken in respect of "barring" the "anchor" or "cradle" stroke, introduced by Lovejoy, and used with so much effect in the way of record-breaking by "Tommy" Reece last week at Thurston's. Reece twice beat record, his first big effort realising 1260 (521 cannons), and his second 1825 (899 cannons). Yet even these mammoth breaks were not sufficient to bring him victory over Inman, whose tactics, if not interesting to watch, were of a match-winning character. In the end the Twickenham cueist won by 4156 points—an extraordinary victory after Reece's huge efforts.

RACQUETS.

It was expected that a close game would result from the meeting of Mr. H. Balfour-Bryant and Captain W. L. Foster in the final and championship round of the Military Racquets Singles competition. But the Royal Horse Artilleryman never had a chance with Mr. Bryant, who was in great form and once made a sequence of 14 aces—the highest in the match. Eventually, the representative of the Highland Light Infantry won by three games to love; 45 aces to 25.

This (Friday) afternoon Oxford and Cambridge hold their annual sports meeting, and it is quite on the cards that Oxford will win. In that case they will retain the "Chambers" Shield, and moreover, will have drawn level with their rivals in the matter of victories, the Cantabs having twenty-one successes to their credit at present to the twenty of Oxford. Perhaps the best contest of the series will be the hurdles, in which the rival presidents will compete. It will not surprise me to see inches only separate the twain at the finish, but in view of recent performances I fancy Powell will win for Cambridge. The half-mile should also provide a great race.



A LONG LEAD.

Oxford pursuing hopelessly past the reservoirs at Hammersmith

Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

THE ONE-LEGGED GOALKEEPER.

G. Gynsell, the highly successful wooden-legged goalkeeper of the Maidenhead Norfolkians, whose eligibility to play in League matches is being questioned.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

This year the race was rowed at three in the afternoon, with the result that it was witnessed by a record crowd. Our photograph shows a *few* of the spectators at Hammersmith.

PROFESSOR KEITH-HARVEY ON MODERN MIRACLES.

Deafness Entirely Cured in Most Unlikely Cases.

The public has recently been greatly interested in a series of wonderful cures effected by an ear specialist whose name we suppose is known to every reader of this paper, and it is his work in one special direction that has given rise to the rumour of miracle-working. Certainly some of the cures of deafness he has been working seem almost like miracles, but their explanations are quite easy to obtain.

Professor Keith-Harvey, this highly successful specialist, has given to the world the real facts concerning the cause of deafness, and it is in his new treatment of deafness and its astonishingly successful results that the world has been surprised.

He it was who publicly exploded the old-fashioned theory that deafness could only result from the breaking of the ear-drum. He pointed out that in nearly every case deafness resulted from atrophy of the inner muscles of the ear.

Professor Keith-Harvey's great work, however, lay not in establishing a theory, but in practically putting it to a great use—the curing of the thousands of those who suffered from that dread disease, deafness.

His success has been phenomenal, and on every hand his system of treatment is being taken up and its value practically proved.

Professor Keith-Harvey's treatment is at once simple and permanently effective. It is possible for every sufferer to undertake the treatment in his or her own home with every hope of a cure. There is even no need to pay a first visit to a doctor, for the advice necessary may be given by post.

In a book which has been specially prepared by Professor Keith-Harvey this system of treatment is explained, and so important is this matter to thousands of people that arrangements have been made whereby every person may receive a copy of this book free of charge on application.

We earnestly advise every reader of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* who is suffering either from deafness, noises in the head, discharges from the ear, or earache, to write at once for Professor Keith-Harvey's advice. To neglect ear trouble is the greatest folly, for deafness is a disease that grows more serious as days progress, and the longer it is left the more difficult it becomes to effect a cure.

Those having relations or friends who are suffering from deafness should write, giving the names of the sufferers, and a book will be sent which gives particulars of this cure. Here is an opportunity of benefiting a suffering friend which should not be neglected.

That the "Keith-Harvey System," can cure deafness has been proved by the thousands of letters from cured patients that have been received. In each one breathes the glad joy of renewed existence, for with hearing restored lifebegins again with all its happiness.

To those who send a letter stating the particular nature of their ailment, Professor Keith-Harvey is always willing to give special advice that will be of immediate use in relieving the suffering of the afflicted. No charge whatever is made for this advice, which is sent together with the book. Letters or postcards should be addressed: Professor G. Keith-Harvey (Room 996), 117, Holborn, London, E.C

The Illustrated London News

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THE DANGERS OF CLIMBING

THE SPHINX ROCK"
LAKE DISTRICT

GREAT GABLE
LAKE DISTRICT

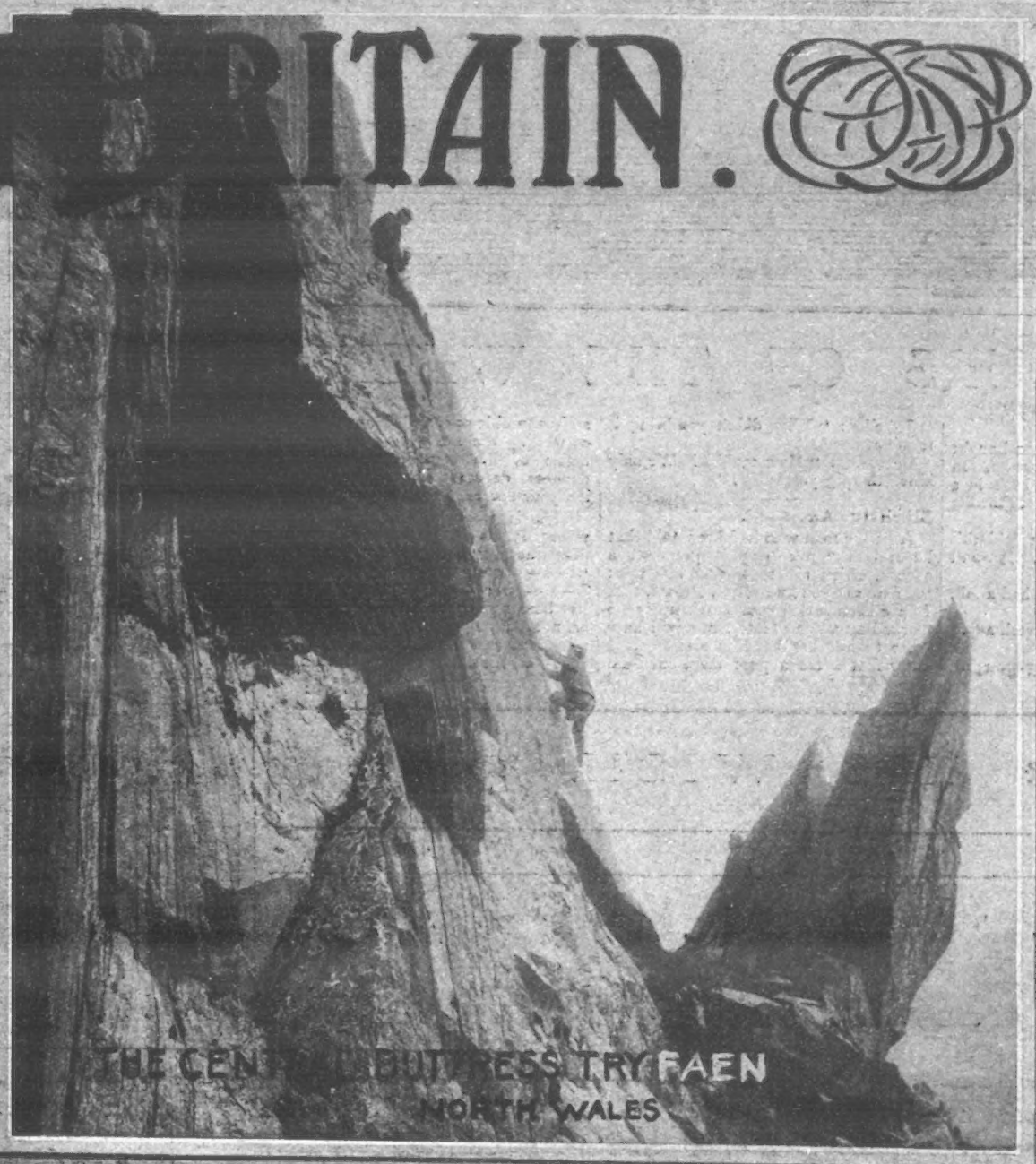
THE TRAVERSE
CROWBERRY
RIDGE
SCOTLAND

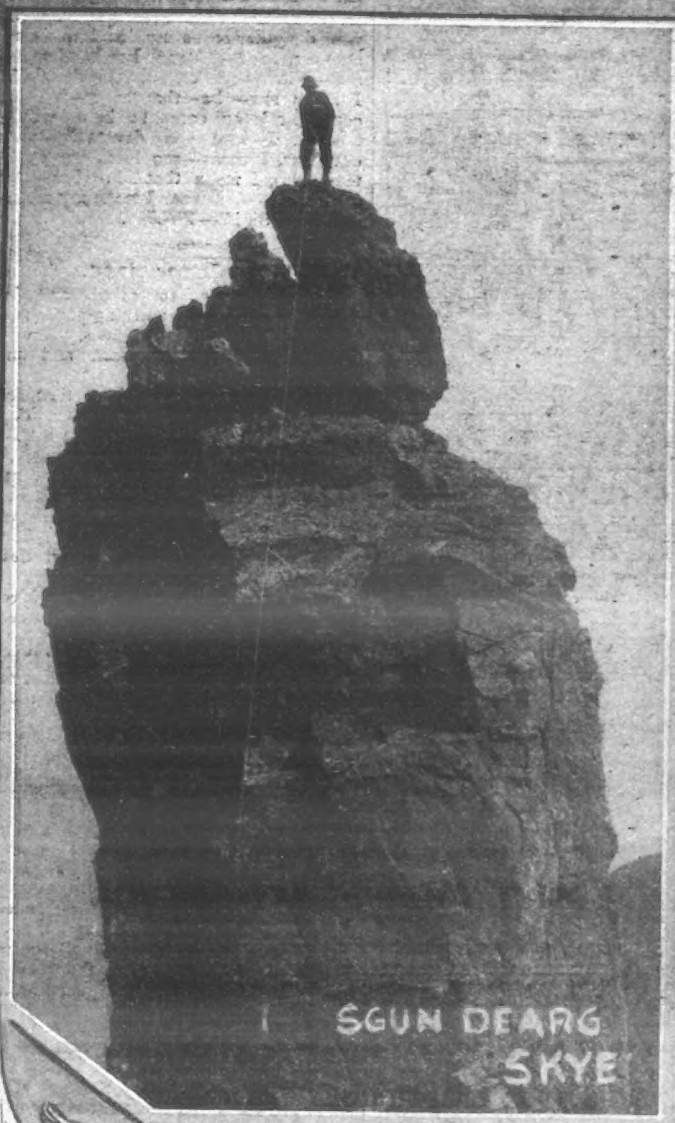
THE VICTIMS OF "

Five men, named Connolly, Keilty, White, Millar, and Smith, started last week on a shooting expedition on the mountain range w in vain to find the beaten tracks. Hunger brought on extreme fatigue. The men, alone and lost in the mountains, had scarcely the s their whereabouts. At last Connolly fell exhausted, and his comrades, having wrapped him in their overcoats, separated and went party to where they had left Connolly. He was sitting there still wrapped in his companions' coats, but dead. He had been fro

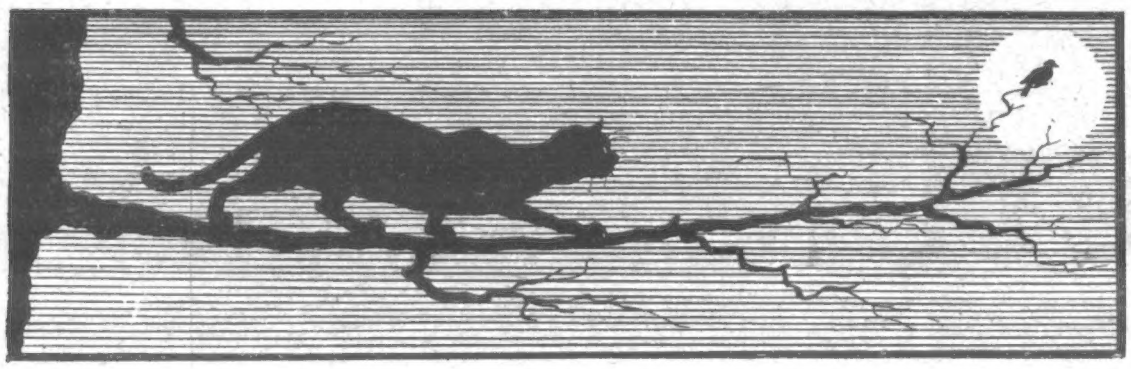
IN GREAT BRITAIN.

"LIN MOUNTAIN."





overlooks the beautiful Vale of Glengariff. Soon they lost themselves in a dense fog. They wandered aimlessly about trying to walk, and the bitterly cold wind partially paralysed their limbs. Darkness came on, and the men were still ignorant of rch of assistance. Millar and Smith reached Parkmore, and after restoratives had been given them, pluckily guided a search- death. Later in the afternoon the dead bodies of Keilty and White were found in the bed of a frozen mountain stream.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

The Reason.

Some time ago a countryman bought a watch with a five years' guarantee. In a month's time he brought it back in a dilapidated state, when the following conversation took place—

Customer: "I thought you said this watch would go for five years. It won't go at all."

Jeweller: "Let me see—it had a fall, I suppose?"

Customer: "Yes, about a week ago."

Jeweller: "On the floor?"

Customer: "No; in the pig-trough."

Jeweller: "Why didn't you bring it to me at once?"

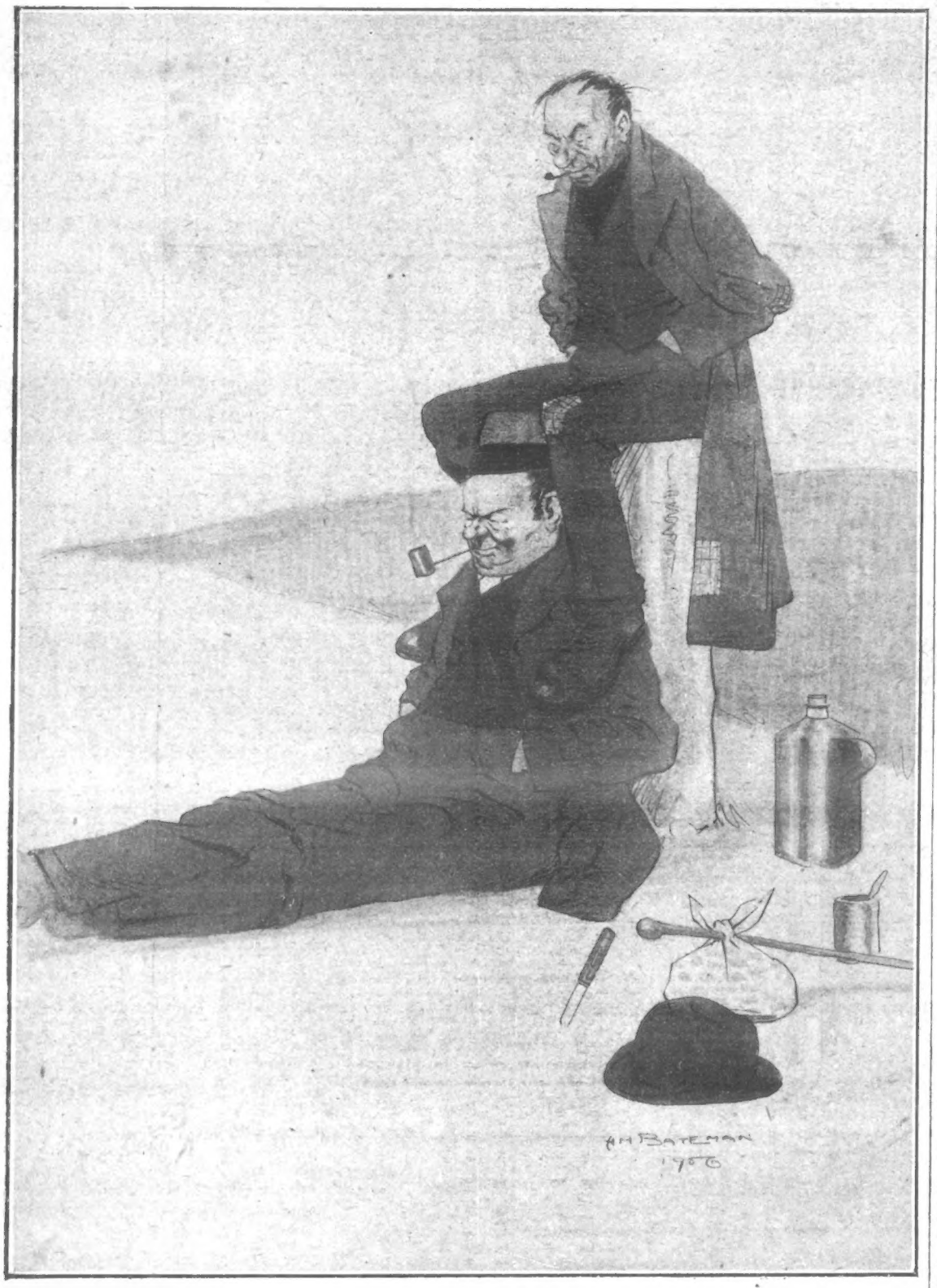
Customer: "How could I? We only killed the pig yesterday!"

Slightly Agitated.

A young man who had been told that he might "ask papa," prepared a speech, which ran something like this: "I dare say you know, Mr. Brown, that I have been paying your daughter Madge marked attention of late, and now I have come to ask her hand in marriage. I know that I am a poor man, but I am an honourable one, and I am not afraid of work. We are willing to fight the battle of life together. I love your daughter devotedly, and I have come to ask your consent to make her my wife."

This is what he really said to the young lady's father, while beads of perspiration "bespangled his brow": "I—I—dare say that—that is, Mr. Brown, I—I—your—your daughter Madge has been paying me marked attention—er, no, I have been paying her marked attention, and I—I—we are willing to fight—er, the battle of life—I mean that your daughter seeks my hand in marriage—er, no, I—I—seek her hand and—and—I love you—er, no, your daughter. I mean she—she—that is, I—I—have come to ask your consent to be my wife—that is, I—love you devotedly—your daughter, I mean—she loves me devotedly—no, I mean that I love her—and she—she—— I trust I make my meaning clear, Sir!"—*Tit-Bits*.

HIS WISH.



"Wot insect would you like to be if you 'ad the chance, Bill?'
"One o' them rare 'uns wot the scientific coves preserves in alcohol."

A FORTUNATE OCCURRENCE.

OLD MR. TOOTS (who, after three days of agony, has made up his mind to visit the dentist): "Is Dr. Pullen in?"
PAGE: "No, Sir."
MR. TOOTS (fervently): "Now that *is* fortunate."

Baffled, but Determined.

While Mr. Graham calmly and deliberately opened the morning paper and ran his eye over the headlines, his wife looked volumes of reproach and impatience.

"Can't you tell me about that fire yesterday, before you read everything else in the paper?" she asked at last.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," said Mr. Graham, when she had repeated her question. "Er—here it is.

"'At four-thirty yesterday afternoon the great boiler at Stafford's burst. The scene which followed baffled all description.'"

"Is that all it says?" demanded Mrs. Graham, as her husband's eye seemed inclined to wander over the page.

"No," said Mr. Graham; "there are three full columns of description on this page, and it says, 'Continued on page six.'"—*The Reader*.

Discipline.

Sergeant Thunder was as regimental as it was possible for a man to be.

"'Shun!" he cried to his squad. "Quick march! Left wheel! Halt! Corporal Jones, take Murphy's name for talking in the ranks."

"But he wasn't talking," protested the corporal, who was standing by.

"Wasn't he?" roared Sergeant Thunder. "Don't matter, then; cross it out, and put him in the guard-room for deceiving me."

Quickly Identified.

A traveller in Norway stopped at a small town and put up at the city hotel. He remained more than one day, and suddenly remembered that he had not registered.

Accosting the proprietor, he explained the situation, and was assured that his name had been registered for him. As the visitor had not given his name he was somewhat curious to see the entry. Calling for the register, he read: "Mr. Russian Leatner, coming from Warranted." The hotel clerk had copied the inscription on his trunk.—*London Opinion*.

Mr. Haldane announces that the hours in the War Office are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and no time for lunch is officially recognised. We understand, however, that officials who begin lunching at ten are expected to finish before five.—London *Evening News*.

Quite Possible.

Murphy was a young recruit, and was doing his first musketry course on the ranges at Aldershot.

The squad had just finished firing at the 300 yards' range when Murphy was brought before the officer in command, who gave him a severe reprimand for his bad shooting, and told him he would have to do better at the next distance, which happened to be seven rounds quick-firing.

"Now, Murphy," said the officer, "you fire at number six target. Commence!"

Murphy banged away his seven rounds and waited for the marker to signal the result, which showed that the target had not once been hit, while No. 5 had more than the possible number of hits.

"What target did you aim at?" said the irate officer approaching Murphy.

"Number six, Sor," replied the man.

"And you have hit number five every time," said the officer waxing warm.

"Bedad, Sor," said Murphy unabashed, "the same thing might occur during war time. I might aim at a private and hit a gineral."

Collapse of officer.—*Tit Bits*.

To-Day.

"Why force your child to learn figures at so early an age?"

"That's all right. I want him to be able to tell the number when he is knocked down by an automobile."—*London Opinion*.

"Yes," said the tramp, who was explaining his method, "I always tell the lady of the house that I was injured on the field."

"What field?" asked the inexperienced beginner.

"Well, if it's a young lady I say football-field, and if it's an old lady I say battle-field."

PICTURES & PEOPLE OF INTEREST

THE HOPE OF SPAIN.
The font at which the expected Royal child will be christened.
PHOTO. NUEVO MUNDO.

A LITERARY SWEEP.
Mr. Walter Hunt of Streatham, who combines chimney sweeping with literature, and is a candidate for the Wandsworth Board of Guardians.

HOW OUR FOREFATHERS LEARNT TO WRITE.
The ninety-year old sexton of Denington Church, Suffolk, seated at the sand table on which he, as a boy, learned to write.—PHOTO. COCKS.

KILLED BY THE TRAMS.
Borough Road Station, which the Railway Company has decided to close from April 1st (April Fools' Day) on account of tram competition.

THE HOPE OF SPAIN.
The cradle in which King Alfonso hopes to see an heir to his throne sleep.—PHOTO. NUEVO MUNDO.

A MONSTER OF THE DEEP.
A curious photograph of a whale seventy feet long, ashore at Long Island.—PHOTO. BAIN.

FAMOUS REGIMENTS No 2

2ND DRAGOONS. "ROYAL SCOTS GREYS"

(The Bubbly Jocks.)

NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT

FLANDERS.
GERMANY
RAMILIES
OUDENARDE
MALPLAQUET
DETTINGEN.
FONTENOY
MINDEN
WILHELMSTAHL
TOURNAY
WATERLOO
BALACLAVA
INKERMAN
SEVASTOPOL
S.AFRICA

THE CHARGE OF THE GREYS & GORDONS AT WATERLOO.

ON THE MARCH.

SECOND DRAGOONS: ROYAL SCOTS GREYS.

The 2nd Dragoons (R.S.G.) is the oldest regiment of Dragoons in the British Army, having been raised in Scotland about 1678. Four troops of horse were then added to the establishment. This fine regiment has a long record of brilliant and distinguished service.

The World of Women

New Stoles.

Some new stoles are made of velvet, lined with delicate-hued silks and finished off at each end with embroidered passementerie. They are worn crossed under the chin, and will be seen in conjunction with many new promenade costumes.

A Girl's Bedroom.

Every girl glories in possessing a bedroom of her own. The girl who leaves school and comes home "for good" generally begs for some corner of the house which is to be exclusively hers. Sometimes her parents are able to give her a prettily furnished bedroom or den; but, on the other hand, sometimes a sparsely furnished attic is the best that is forthcoming.

Space is the first thing to be considered, however, so that even an altogether empty attic is better than nothing. It can be made to present a very charming appearance at small cost. A small black enamelled French bedstead, with spring mattress, wool mattress, and pillow, can be purchased complete for £1 1s. This and a set of crockery-ware, which can be bought for four or five shillings, constitute the main expense of the room. Two packing-cases, obtainable from the grocer, will provide a washstand and dressing-table, and a hanging wardrobe can be contrived by means of a wooden shelf, into which some hooks have been driven.

The Dressing-Table.

Most girls know how to set about draping a dressing-table, but there is infinite variety in the material which can be utilised. Glaced calico under muslin stands out very smartly and stiffly, or any one of the pretty new chintzes or cretonnes is excellent for this purpose. The packing-case must be stood so that the vacant space is in front, and this will make a useful receptacle for boots and shoes. A deep flounce of chintz may be attached all round the sides of the packing-case by means of tacks lightly driven in. They can then be easily extracted when the time comes for the draperies to be removed and washed. It would be advisable, in setting on the flounce, to start in the front and end up in the front without joining the two pieces. They can then easily be parted, like curtains, when any footwear is required, and if set on very full in front the division will not be noticeable. The top of the dressing-table must be covered by a piece of the chintz cut to fit, and a frill round the edges will set it off nicely. Small muslin mats may be set on the dressing-table, and a large square pin-cushion, easily manufactured by the home-worker. A swing-mirror is necessary for the centre of the dressing-table, and, of course, the larger the size the better. The second packing-case, which forms the washstand, is treated in similar fashion to the dressing-table as far as drapery is concerned. The top, however, should be covered with oilcloth, such as is used for the tops of dressers, and which is easily washable. It may be bought in a narrow width with a fancy edge from about 4¾d. per yard, or a square yard of plain oilcloth would cost about a shilling. The toilet service may be set out on this, and if a few small crochet mats can be obtained, it is advisable to place them under soap-dish, water-bottle, and tooth-brush vase, as these small articles are liable to stick to the oilcloth and mark it, and the dainty girl would naturally like to keep her bedroom as spotless as possible. The question of the wardrobe must next be dealt with. The shelf can be affixed by any capable man who does odds and ends about the house, and a chintz should then be hung up around it on a bamboo-rod. If economy has to be very closely studied, the curtain may be made with a deep hem at top and a penny wooden rod run through it. This rod can be supported by means of two hooks, which can be screwed into the shelf. Suitable hooks for the purpose can be purchased at any ironmongers.

A Nice Idea.

It would be nice to have a bedspread and window curtains in chintz to match the rest of the room. Three widths of chintz, with a flounce all round, would form an ample bedspread, and dispense with any necessity for a valance, as the sides would nearly reach the ground. The window curtains should be made in casement style, and only just extend to the window-sill. It will generally be found possible to beg, borrow or steal one or two chairs from some other room in the house, and if a small round table can be afforded, and covered with a chintz cloth, the room will begin to look very pretty indeed. If there is a mantelpiece it may be draped with a straight width of chintz. This kind of mantel border is always simple and effective. The fireplace itself needs to be disguised by a real or artificial fern. Where expense is an object an overmantel, of course, will be an impossibility; but a large picture, if there is one to spare, will make an admirable substitute in point of adornment. Naturally many other details of improvement and decoration will suggest themselves to the girl owner of the room, and these need only be dependent upon her own taste or the means at her disposal.

FEHIM PASHA'S BETTER-HALF, WHO WAS ONCE A CIRCUS RIDER.

In view of the columns of detail which have recently appeared in all the newspapers concerning the removal of the notorious Fehim Pasha from Constantinople, at the instance of the German Ambassador, the above photograph of Margaret Fehim Pasha, his American wife, is of exceptional interest. Before her marriage Princess Fehim was known as Margaret Morgan. Fehim Pasha saw her giving her bareback riding performance at a circus, fell in love with her, and married her within a week.

MARRIED BY PHONOGRAPH: ACTRESS'S EXTRAORDINARY WEDDING.

There has probably never been a more curious wedding than that which was recently celebrated at the village of Dubovo between a M. Saratoff, and the well-known actress, Mlle. Sabalok. According to the "Nasche Vremya," the happy pair quarrelled with the local priest, and, as a consequence, after consulting a magistrate as to the legality of the proceeding, actually got married by phonograph. The service was duly recited by a fully qualified priest, of Kharkoff, into the instrument, which was then sent by stage coach to Dubovo, where it arrived just a few minutes before the hour fixed for the ceremony. The service commenced with the rendering of a wedding hymn by the choir, and the phonograph, which had been placed on a pedestal at the altar, then asked the customary questions, to which the usual answers were given, and the happy pair left the church man and wife, married by the talking machine. M. and Madame Saratoff motored to Kharkoff, from whence they started by train for the Riviera, where the honeymoon will be spent.

Velveteen Fashionable.

A smart coat in velveteen for present wear is fashionable. It is made with a blouse-shaped bolero with collar, revers, and cuffs daintily trimmed. The skirt of the coat is four-fifths length, and the whole is altogether remarkably cheaply made. In corduroy or plain velveteen of a green shade, surmounted by one of the new straw hats in cinnamon brown, trimmed with brown and green grasses, no more ideal outfit for early spring could be imagined. Those who wish to wait until the season's fashions are more defined before investing in new coats or wraps should effect a compromise by the purchase of new millinery. I have lately seen a splendid display at the uniform price of 12s. 9d., and hard indeed would be the woman to please who did not find something in form and colour to suit her special style among these various attractive hats and toques. Granted that the sum of 12s. 9d. is at the disposal of many women, it is not often that the fair purchaser finds herself in the position to take her choice from over a hundred trimmed hats. Children, too, are by no means forgotten, for at the same price and in many charming instances at half the price, they can be daintily suited.

The Ritz.

Every girl of moderate dress allowance is puzzled at times to know how to obtain a gown that will be equal to most occasions. A ready-made robe in voile or colienne is one of the best ways of solving the problem just now, and the Ritz, fashioned of dainty silk and wool colienne, would give satisfaction to most girls. The skirt, with material for bodice, costs only 24s. 6d., and the colour can be chosen to suit individual taste. A taffatine lining could be obtained to match at 13s. 11d., and helps to do away with difficulties of dressmaking. The skirt is already trimmed with tucks and gaugings, surmounted by a fruche in scroll form; and a pretty style for the bodice would be a wide shoulder-collar, having two deep tucks, and a small lace yoke on to which the fronts are gathered blouse-fashion. The full front could be further ornamented by a ruche, arranged in scroll-fashion, to correspond with the skirt; and the short puff sleeves would look well finished off with elbow frills of lace.

For the Cosy Sitting-Room.

New cushions smarten up a room wonderfully. With clean curtains and bright cushions no room need look either dull or shabby. Irish hand-embroidered cushion-covers, with pink or blue threaded ribbon, are very effective over coloured sateen, and cushions filled with vegetable down can be bought for a shilling in any coloured sateen. They measure about twenty inches, and fit into the muslin cases nicely. It is a great advantage, too, to have covers which are slipped on and off, and washed so easily as muslin ones. Floor ottomans in pink, blue, red and green plain stripes alternate with tapestry, make a room look very comfortable. They are not dear at 4s. 11½d., and make cosy seats by the fire, or can be utilised as a footstool or in any other way tending to comfort.

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NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for "P. I. P." must be addressed to: 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

Bunyan Dramatised.

A DRAMATISED version of Part I. of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was given at the Imperial Theatre on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, March 16, in aid of the London Hospital and the South London Diocesan Church Fund. The dramatised version was adapted and produced by Mrs. W. Hadley and Miss E. Ouless, a daughter of the famous artist, who were assisted by a most capable company. The performance followed the lines of the revival of "Everyman," when the names of the performers were not printed on the programme. The chief features of "Pilgrim's Progress" were the beautiful tableaux arranged by Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., and the music, composed by Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams, who conducted the orchestra and choir.

The Theatre King.

That great little man, Charles Frohman, was born forty-seven years ago at Sandusky, Ohio, and not in the Scottish Highlands, as some people might imagine. Like many a hardy Scot (says *London Opinion*), Charles had a tough time as a boy, and we know that as a very young man his days and nights were filled with toil. He began life as a night-clerk in the office of the New York *Tribune*, and at half-past four a.m. he used to walk the two-and-a-half miles to his home. Then he sold tickets in the box-office of the Hooley Theatre, Brooklyn, and in 1877, having become associated with Brother Dan, he went West to the Chicago Comedy Company with "Our Boys." With the characteristic thrift of his race, he saved what he could, and at last his chance came with "Shenandoah," which, as the result of his brains, was changed from a disaster into a huge financial success. The first time I ever saw Charles Frohman was in 1879—or thereabouts—when he came over here in charge of Haverley's Mastodon Minstrels, who played a season at Her Majesty's Opera House, in the Haymarket. Charles's idea of dress in those days was refreshingly unorthodox for a West End manager, but, as the song says, "he knows all about it now." To-day the Frohman flag (a "Star"-spangled banner) floats over nearly half-a-dozen London theatres, and if they don't watch out he'll have some more. He is to be admired because he is quiet, thoughtful, secretive, and very much on the dollar path, and because, moreover, he loses with a better show of philosophy than most of his fellows. His only amusement is "presenting."

Thinking Seymourhicksically.

Having confessed in public that his aim in life is simply and solely a commercial one, Mr. Seymour Hicks will not be offended — rather is he likely to feel flattered—if he is congratulated upon having been shrewd enough, as the Musical Comedy King, to resist those temptations of conscience which are the ruin of the idealists. He has made, it is said, many, many thousands of pounds out of pieces of "The Beauty of Bath" class. He has, says *M.A.P.*, brought the majority of theatre-goers into the way of believing that this is *the* entertainment for their money. He has taught them to think Seymourhicksically. And they have thought and acted—and they are still thinking and acting — Seymourhicksically; and in such circumstances would it not be absurd of Mr. Hicks, as a self-confessed passionately enthusiastic collector of current coins, to change the quality of his wares? Why should he give his customers superior jam when they have put him on a handsomely draped pedestal for providing them with inferior? It has been pretty plainly hinted in the notices of "My Darling," at the Hicks Theatre, that the piece is rubbish. Well, and so is the "marrow-peel coloured well with cochineal." But it is a gigantic success, and the Jam King would not be on his throne today if he had been so weak as to go and fill his pots with fruit.

"BAMBOO FLOWER,"

the four-year-old daughter of Churg Ling Soo, the famous Chinese wonder-worker, who makes his third appearance at the Shepherd's Bush Empire on Monday next. "Bamboo Flower," despite her tender years, is already an accomplished conjurer and illusionist, but the regulations of the L.C.C. preclude at present her performance being seen by any but a favoured few.

A Modest Dramatist.

Mr. Alfred Sutro, whose new play, "John Glayde's Honour," has produced so great a sensation, is the son of a doctor, and spent years in the City before finding his place as a dramatist. "The Walls of Jericho," which was his first success, was, indeed, his eleventh play, though before that Mr. Sutro had been known as the translator and friend of Maeterlinck. Mr. Sutro is, perhaps, the most modest man who ever became famous. His wife is the sister of Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C.

Bashful Barrie.

The London correspondent of an American newspaper gives a charmingly intimate description of the semi-private performance of "Peter Pan" to their relatives and friends one afternoon recently by the children appearing in Mr. Barrie's play at the Duke of York's Theatre. The grown-up members of the cast gave up their parts to the youngsters on this occasion. "It is known," he writes, "that J. M. Barrie, creator of 'Peter Pan,' is one of the most bashful men on earth. Not all the King's horses nor all the King's men, and not even Charles Frohman, could ever prevail upon him to come upon the stage and take a call in response to the shouts of the audience. Mr. Barrie was never in the house when wanted."

La Tortajada.

La Tortajada, the famous Spanish dancer who was so successful at the Palace Theatre some two years ago, returned to that house on Monday. The artist brings with her an entirely new répertoire of songs and an enormous wardrobe of characteristic and beautiful dresses. Recently, before leaving Spain for this country, the artist received a special command to appear before the King and Queen, and at the conclusion of the entertainment received a very valuable token of their Majesties' favour.

On Monday last the Alhambra, within whose walls the greatest gymnasts of living memory have met with recognition, introduced to an English audience for the first time America's "last word" in bounding wire aerialists. The unusual skill and daring of the marvellous Millman Trio—and particularly of Miss Birdie Millman, who is "an evening's wonder in herself"—have been acclaimed in every city in the United States, and their sensational performance has entirely eclipsed all similar acts throughout America. On Saturday evening, for the fourth year in succession, the University crews celebrated "Boat Race Night" at the Alhambra, and a cinematographic record of the contest was added to the peerless "Urbanora" pictures.

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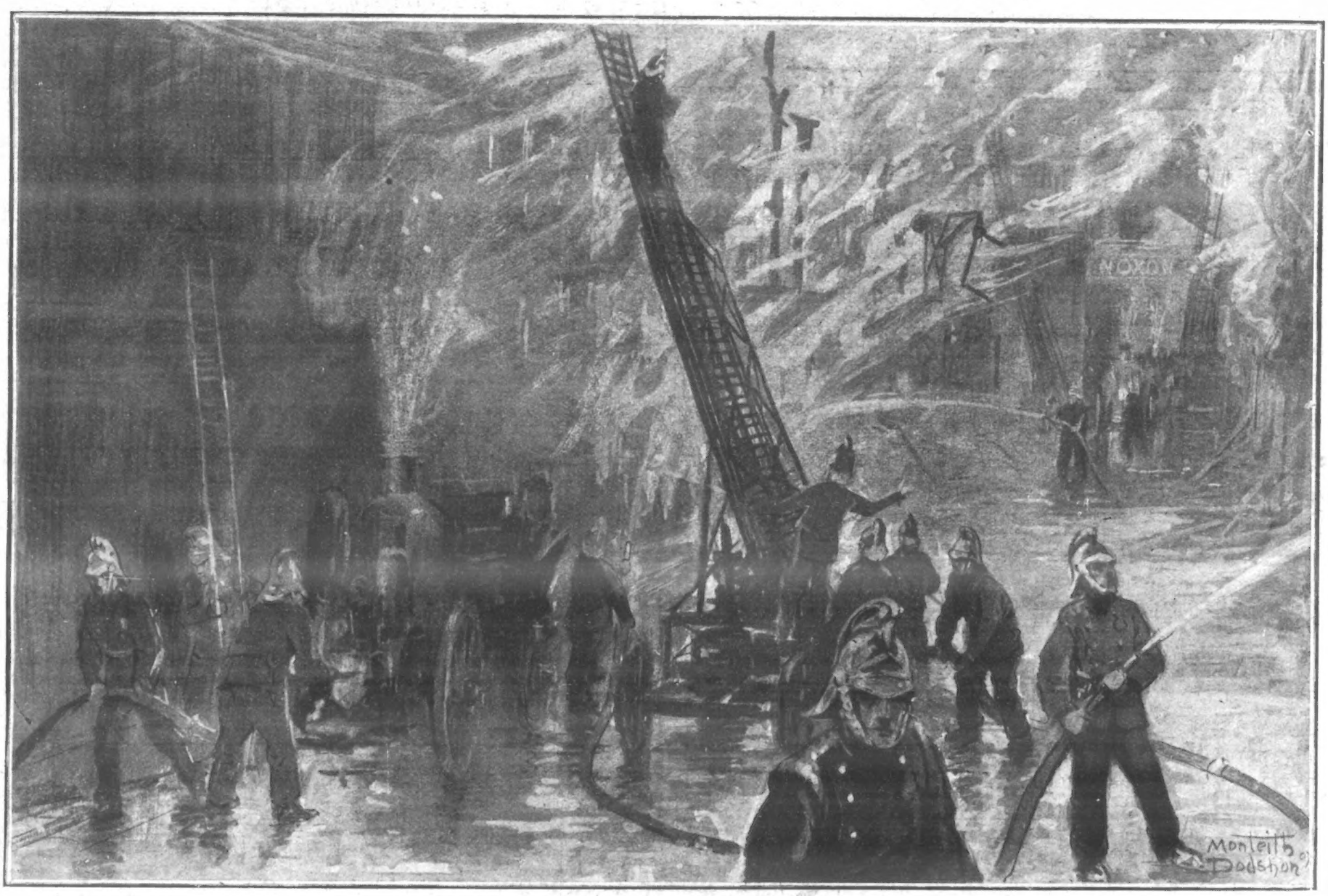


LONDON'S £200,000 FIRE.

In the early hours of last Saturday morning, a fire broke out in Featherstone Street, Finsbury, E.C., and it was not controlled until over three hours after the outbreak had occured. A range of warehouses, 250 feet by 200 feet, was totally destroyed, and the damage is estimated at more than £200,000. Owing to the narrowness of the street and the fury of the flames, the firemen had an extremely difficult and dangerous work to perform, but fortunately no one was injured.

THE "P·I·P" GARDENER AND POULTRY-FANCIER

MARCH 25 to 31.—There is a dull monotony in one's garden plans and projects through the whole of March and a good way into April—a strict routine of planting, soil-dressing, and doctoring that is varied only with the multitypes of seeds and plants requiring attention. The homely but profitable potato will head the list again as my chief item, but I am going to be venturesome and tackle the less hardy vegetables and flowers, that it would have been too risky to put in hand before. The intermediate carrots I am planting now in light, dry soil; I sow in drills ten or twelve inches apart, and place the seed an inch deep. My plan is to have near me a supply of dry, sifted ashes or sand, and in this I well mix my seed to spread it evenly and thoroughly in the drills. This ash or sand system, by the way, may be used with similar small seed that is difficult to spread sufficiently thinly. I am breaking up part of an old mint-bed this week, and replanting a few strong young roots to form a new bed. Mint, I find, after two or three years, becomes too matted and woody to be of the best for culinary purposes. I have another goodly row of garden-peas of the marrowfat class going in this week, and some more turnip-seed. Parsnips and radishes I have also down on my garden programme, and leeks as well, which I shall sow thinly in beds, to be transplanted later. Mustard-and-cress and other salad items I shall also plant, and more lettuce. The little spare time left when these many tasks have been completed I shall devote to the hardier of the flower-seeds, and I am glad, with this rush of work, that Good Friday comes to the rescue.

My Garden Plans.

The amateur is subject to many pitfalls in planning his flower borders, especially if he fails to sum up correctly the heights and colours of the plants and seeds he contemplates raising. A safe plan is to arrange in the case of borders backed by a hedge or fence, to have all tall stuff behind and the shorter growths in front. In laying out a bed bordered on all sides by paths or turf the best method is to hill up the bed slightly towards the centre and have tall plants in the middle, though in this instance the question of consequent shading must be taken into account. Beds of the latter description, unless they are too large, I am personally inclined to reserve for roses, though that is purely a matter for one's own judgment according to a variety of circumstances. Plants to use for the back of a border are lupins, hollyhocks, tritomas (red-hot pokers), coreopsis, delphinium (larkspurs), sunflowers of most kinds and similar varieties. For "middle" plants there is an unlimited list, including dahlias, chrysanthemums, Canterbury bells, Solomon's seal (in a shady spot), sweet pea clumps, poppies, pæonies, and so on *ad infinitum*, whilst for the front rank half a hundred varieties seem to suggest themselves at once, and a reference to any seedsman's list will prevent one from overlooking desirable specimens. The great points to remember are—don't overcrowd; think out some regular colour plan so that your plants and seedlings grow with a massed effect rather than a spread-out, "crazywork" scheme, like an old lady's tea-cosy; plant so that there may be no unsightly, bare patches; arrange continual succession so that as one plant ceases to bloom another near it may follow on. The hardy annuals will present no difficulty to the beginner, as they are grown from seed, and perennials to flower this year are obtainable from any nurseryman, and are largely advertised in both the daily and gardening press.

Planning Borders.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

WILL WARE.—Your ducks may have ceased laying, or be laying away from home. Search the hedges, and in future keep the birds shut up till 9.30 a.m., when they will have laid, if they intend to that day.

J. HALL.—Yes, it seems to be the fashion now to grow sweet peas in separate colours, particularly for clumps. All seedsmen will sell you packets of seed in separate colours. For rows mixed sweet peas are still as popular as ever.

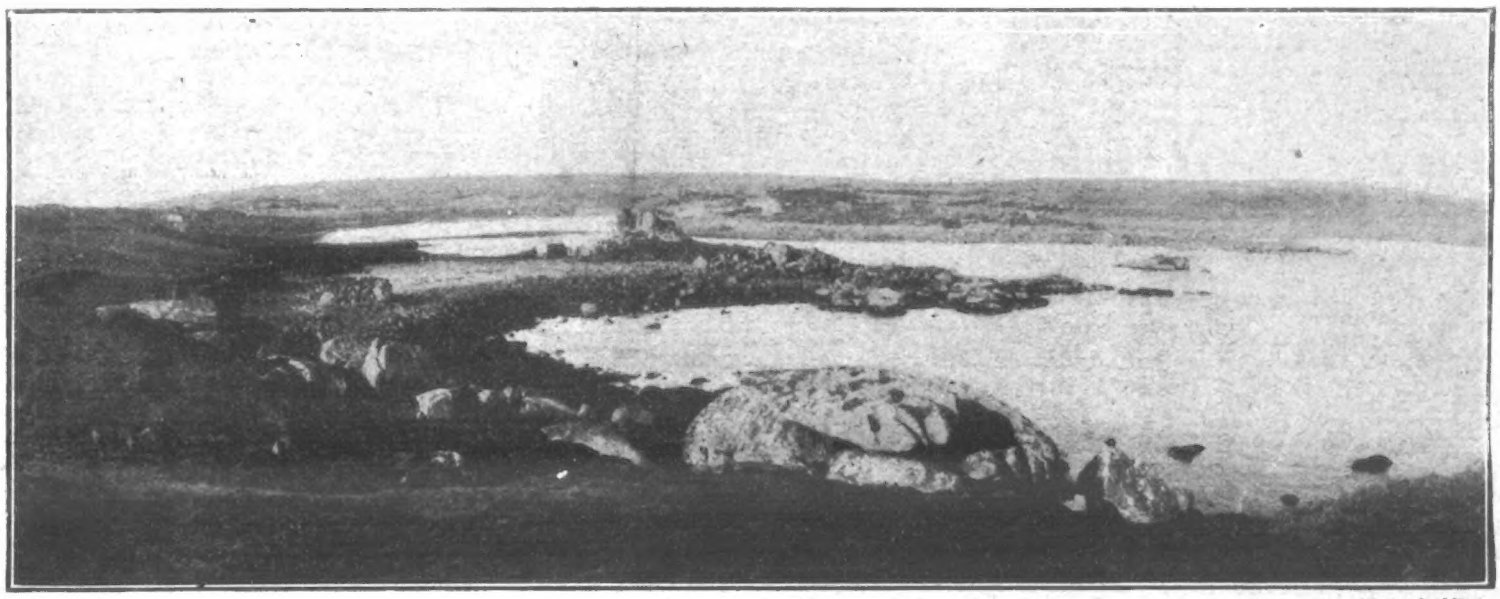
G. GIBSON.—Ash-leaf, Kidney, and Beauty of Hebron are early varieties of potato. British Queen is a "second" early, and Up-to-Date a maincrop.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

DESTRUCTIVE FOXES.

The Essex Hunt has recompensed farmers in the district covered by the hunt to the extent of £401 for poultry killed by foxes during the past season. It is estimated that over 3200 head of poultry were so destroyed by foxes.

WHERE THE SPRING FLOWERS COME FROM.



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THE ROUGH COAST OF THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

It was in this little bay that the origin of the great industry of growing early flowers for the London market began. An old sailor found some bulbs on the sea-shore, which, when planted, flowered much earlier than bulbs in England. This began the flower-growing industry, and last week forty-eight tons of flowers were shipped in a single day from the islands.

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